14
840. l. 49

A CANDID

APPEAL

From the late

DEAN *SWIFT*

840. l. 6
14

TO THE

Right Hon. the EARL of O—*y*.

T.

——— *Abſentem qui rodit Amicum*
Qui non defendit alio culpante, ſolutos
Qui captat riſus Hominum, famamque Dicacis,
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger *eſt.* HOR.

LONDON:
Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer*'s *Head*, near *Temple-Bar*.
M DCC LII.

A CANDID

APPEAL

from the late

DEAN SWIFT

TO THE

Right Hon. the EARL of O——Y.

39.
4. 13.
III.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

Printed for W. OWEN, at Homer's Head, near Temple-Bar.

M DCC LII.

TO THE LATE

DEAN *SWIFT*

To the Right Honourable the

EARL of O———Y.

IT was not in that Hour of Night,
When Shades moleſt, and Dreams affright
The diſcompos'd unſettl'd Brain,
And Darkneſs reaſſumes her Reign,

When

When weak Imaginations Dread
Unlocks the Manſions of the Dead:
The Sun had haſt'ned to adorn,
The Beauties of the riſing Morn,
And call'd forth Nature to ſurvey
The future Labours of the Day;
The Bee ſagacious to devour
The Sweetneſs of the vernal Flower,
The Herd to graze, the conſtant Dove
To tell ſoft Tales of nuptial Love.
When conſcious *B—yle* with wild Surprize
Saw the ſtern Brow, the ſteadfaſt Eyes,
In Anger red'ning to a Flame,
And as in very Life the ſame,
Neglected Dreſs, and careleſs Mien,
Confeſs'd the viſionary Dean.

Excuſe

Excuſe my Lord that I intrude,
In Time abrupt, in Manner rude,
Forms I abhor——you ſee me here
To claim the Favour of your Ear,
Is there not *O——y* a Cauſe
To ſcreen from vulgar Eyes the Flaws,
To trace with Candour where we can
The Failings of a once lov'd Man?
Reflect on that forgotten Day
When thou, when *O——y* could ſay
" *To thee dear* Swift *theſe Leaves I ſend*
" *The Preſent ſmall, ſincere the Friend.*

Expreſſion happy to impart
The Senſe of an ingenuous Heart,

Conſpicuous

Conſpicuous Friend! The Caſe is clear,
Nay to my lateſt Hour ſincere.

Skill'd to adapt obſcurer Praiſe
To Numbers low, and feeble Lays,
Diſtinguiſh'd Cenſure to expoſe
In ſmooth epiſtolary Proſe.

How juſt, how like in every Scene
The Portrait to the living Dean!
But muſt *Vaneſſa*'s wretched Fame,
Reſerv'd for Obloquy and Shame,
Muſt harmleſs *Sheridan* attend
A ſcorn'd, reproach'd, defenceleſs Friend?
My Whiteways faithful Story told
Inform the World the Dean grows old,

Impair'd

Impair'd in Health, and loſt in Mind,
The Scourge and Terror of Mankind.
O deeply learn'd in Books and Men!
I do allow your Lordſhip's Pen
Deſcribes with exemplary Skill
My Death, my Fortune, and my Will;
But as to that obliging Hint
Of Fondneſs to appear in Print,
That Title my good Lord to Fame
Is what I never meant to claim,
Nor take as my ſuperior Due,
What juſtly appertains to you.
Ariſe triumphant from the Spoil
Ye undeſerv'd Remarks of *B—yle!*
For Virtue's Aid, and Learning's Uſe,
Refine elaborate Abuſe,

Correct

Correct the wrong, reclaim the wild,
And help to form the *fav'rite Child*;
Explain good Manners, teach good Senſe,
At poor departed *Swift*'s Expence.
What more remains? A ſimple Tale:
(Permit an injur'd Shade to rail)
Devoid of Humour, Taſte and Wit;
But ſhou'd a ſingle Inſtance hit,
Let conſcious Thought the Moral tell
And then——ungentle Earl farewel!
Purſue new Tracts with new Delight,
The Dean is dead——and you may write.

A thoughtleſs Clown, as Stories ſay,
Obſerv'd a Serpent in his Way,
Bedeck'd with many a ſhining Fold
Of Topaz, Amethyſt, and Gold,

The

The little gentle Brute careſs'd,
An eaſy, fond, familiar Gueſt.
For him wou'd oft' his friendly Care
Screen the rude Breath of northern Air,
For him the op'ned Breaſt diſcloſe
The tender Seat of ſoft Repoſe.
Soon as the faithleſs Mate eſpies
His folded Hands his heavy Eyes,
Rage, Envy, Bitterneſs conſpire
With all the horrid Forms of Ire.
In Vain the helpleſs Wretch declaims
On Love, on Friendſhip (empty Names!)
Solicits, hopes, implores, admires,
And in the cruel Graſp expires.

F I N I S.